

American Junior
RED CROSS
NEWS



December 1945



Christmas in June

WILLIAM KADISON

American Red Cross Staff Correspondent

RED CROSS PHOTOS BY BULLARD

CHRISTMAS came in June to the 108 youngsters at St. Anthony's Orphanage in Manila. Their Santa Claus—no, Santa Clauses is more correct—were a similar number of boys and girls in the United States, who had given time, effort, and money in order to fill American Junior Red Cross gift boxes.

These 108 boxes were only a few out of the many sent at that time to children in the Philippines. For days, Miss Alice Thompson, of the American Red Cross Civilian War Relief division in Manila and her staff of Filipino workers had unpacked the wooden crates and sorted out the boxes into various age groups, separating those for boys from those for girls.

Finally came the great day. The first stop was at St. Anthony's Orphanage on Azcarraga Street. The jeep and its loaded trailer came to a stop in front of the very old stone building maintained by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary.

The Red Cross workers were welcomed into the cool of the churchlike orphanage by Mother Marie Luitgard and Mother Marie Felicidade, who told us that the children were eagerly awaiting our arrival in the patio.

In the lush green tropical garden the Mother Superior had quite a time quieting the excited chattering and laughing of the youngsters. Yet, as they moved forward to receive the boxes from Miss Thompson, they became tense and quiet.

But kids are kids. They couldn't stay silent for long. As each child received her box, she cried out with delight and, more often than not, started tearing it open on the spot.

And their cries of delight and clapping of hands rose to a crescendo as more and more children opened their boxes.

The little girls showed their possessions to each other. There were paints, crayons, combs, dolls, gay-colored socks, aprons, skipping ropes, picture books, yo-yos, notebooks, pencils, scarves, bubble pipes, hair bows and clips, washcloths and other things many of which they had never seen before.

"Eet is so beautiful" . . . "Oh, so ver-ry nice" . . . Others could just say "Oooh."

Time and again, they would ask, "Who sent

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These pictures show children at St. Anthony's Orphanage in Manila opening American Junior Red Cross gift boxes

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

Part I • December • 1945

Christmas without Santa Claus

IRMA LABASTILLE

Illustrations by Leo Politi

IN SOUTHERN LANDS, in Spain, Portugal, and Italy; in South America, Middle America, and the West Indies, Christmas celebrations are not like our own. Nor do all of our twenty neighbor countries celebrate Christmas exactly alike, either. Mexico has customs different from Argentina's, and Brazilian celebrations are not the same as those in Peru. Some countries are so large and their climates vary so much within their own boundaries that they have three or four kinds of celebrations in the same land.

Among our neighbors to the south, there is no Santa Claus, and gifts are given on January 6th, Three Kings Day, instead of on Christmas Day. Nor are there any Christmas trees.

Many of the Christmas customs of today began ever so long ago in Italy. Long before Christ was born, people all over Europe celebrated the Feast of the Returning Sun, at the time of the so-called winter solstice, on December 22. In Rome, the greatest city in the world in those days, this festival was particularly gay. The celebrations were called Saturnalia, in honor of Saturnus, the Roman god of sowing and agriculture. They lasted for a whole week beginning on December 17th. We are told by historians that there were "processions, singing, lighting of candles, adorning of houses with laurel and green trees, and

giving of presents." Other peoples in Europe celebrated this same time of year. In the North, the returning sun meant the breaking up of winter's ice so that ships could soon embark again, and great fires were built to defy the Frost King.

Then Jesus was born in the stable in Bethlehem. We all know the story of how the Three Wise Men came from the East and brought their gifts of gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. But actually his birth was not celebrated until nearly four hundred years later. Then no one seemed to know on exactly what day Jesus was born, and the Church was asked to set the date. So, the Pope of Rome fixed December 25th as the day for the celebration of Christ's birth, and called it Christ Mass. He chose this day, we are told, because it had always been a holiday, the time of the Feast of the Returning Sun.

January 6th, which marked the end of the Roman New Year celebration, was set as the day upon which the Wise Men were supposed to have appeared before the infant Jesus with their gifts.

Henceforth, the Christian world would not celebrate the returning sun, but the birth of Christ, a religious holiday. The Pope allowed some of the old customs of Saturnalia to be kept, however, for this was to be a time of rejoicing, and a few are still practiced today

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exactly as they were so long ago.

In Spain we can still find some of the old Roman customs kept up for the celebration of Christmas. In the old Roman festivals, dancing and singing were always combined,

and this "singing dance" was called a *carol*. In the lovely old Spanish city of Seville, one of the last remaining religious dances is performed in the Cathedral at Christmastime. Black-robed choir boys come down into the church and dance before the altar and around the Nativity Scene to the accompaniment of smartly clicking castanets. Back in the 16th century, a stern archbishop of Seville forbade the picturesque custom. But a group of choir boys and their choir master journeyed all the way from Seville to Rome, did the dance for the Pope and the Cardinals of the Church, and were given permission to continue the custom, which has been kept up to this day. The dance is given after the Midnight Mass. The boys sing:

*On the 25th of December, fum, fum, fum.
On the 25th of December, fum, fum, fum,
Born a Babe, so sweet and tender,
In a manger, of a maiden,
Blest with great gifts, he came laden, fum,
fum, fum.*

When they sing "fum, fum, fum," the whole congregation strikes on any sort of instrument which will make a sound—small tambourines, finger cymbals, and the like. The song is very long and tells the story of two shepherds who are sitting together in the hills eating eggs and sausage. They make a bet as to which one can tell the tallest tale. So, one of them says that he can jump all of 10,000 feet. He is so wrapped up in his own great boast that he doesn't notice that the other shepherd has eaten all the eggs and sausage. The song ends with a verse which says that everyone will go home and have a lot of fine cakes to eat.

Other Spanish carols tell unusual stories, too. One is all about some rascally gypsies who visited the baby Jesus and stole all his swaddling clothes. In another, the Three Kings are gypsies who tell the fortunes of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, by reading their palms. We all know the beloved Christmas

carol, "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful," which is often still sung in Latin, a stately and moving song as it is sung today. But sung a bit faster, with a little skipping lilt to the rhythm, it, too, was long ago one of the "singing dances" originally sung in Latin and danced in the church after the Midnight Mass.

In Spain and Latin America the Midnight Mass has been given quite an unusual and delightful name. It is called *la Misa del Gallo*, which means "the Mass of the Cock." That is its name in the Philippines, too. Many are the legends which tell of the cock that crowed on the night of Christ's birth. One of the most interesting old tales is contained in a gypsy song. It tells how Pharaoh of Egypt refused to believe the Wise Men's story of how they were led by a wondrous star, until the roasted cock on his table stood up and crowed three times.

Some say that the Midnight Mass is called "the Cock's Mass" because it is celebrated when the roosters begin to crow to announce the coming of the dawn. In any case, its name, *la Misa del Gallo*, and some of the gaiety of the old Christmas customs traveled to the New World with the Spaniards and Portuguese when they came to settle in South and Central America and the West Indies.

Today, in some places in Latin America the Christmas season begins long before Christmas Day, but in most of the countries it starts with *Noche-Buena*, Christmas Eve, and does not end until January 6th, the Day of the Three Kings. In many homes, late Christmas Eve supper is a traditional custom. This is attended by numerous relatives, for Christmas is definitely a family affair in Latin America, as it is with us. Impressive processions are a part of the colorful church festival. It is not until after Midnight Mass, the *Misa del Gallo*, that festivity begins. There might be a huge open-air festival with flags and music and flowers, and vast crowds of people. At such an affair gifts will be distributed to the children.

Family presents are exchanged on January 6th, and the Three Kings instead of Santa Claus bring the gifts to the children.



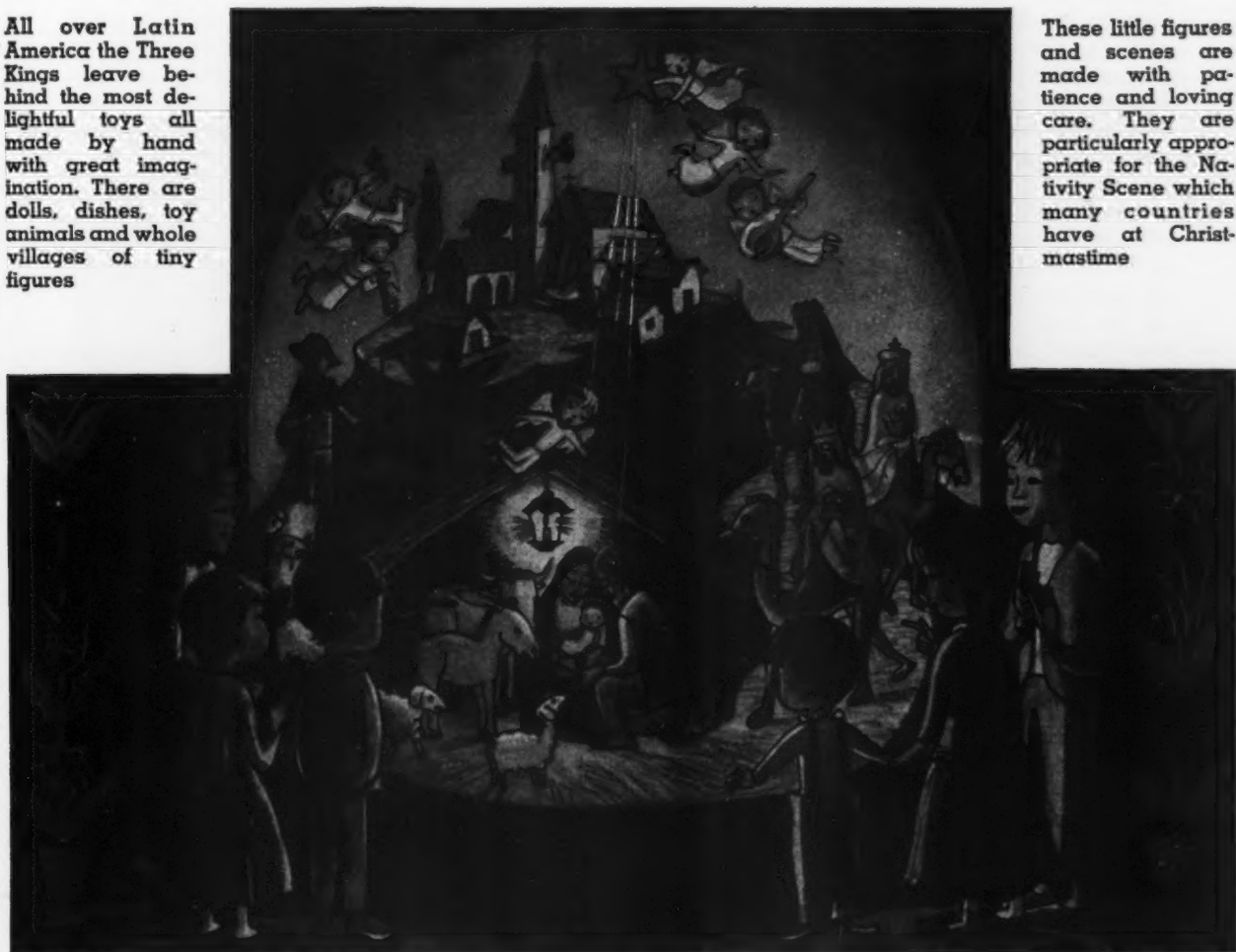
The Kings won't come down a chimney to find stockings hung over the fireplace. For one thing, there are precious few homes with fireplaces and chimneys. No, the Three Kings come riding on their camels, as they did those hundreds of years ago. At bedtime, each child places a shoe outside his window, on sill or balcony, or even in the patio. Next morning, it will be full to overflowing with gifts and goodies, particularly if the shoe has been filled with hay for the hungry camels. A child's shoes may seem much too small to hold all the things he may hope to get. In Argentina some youngsters put out a big gaucho, or cowboy, boot. Just as children in the United States never can seem to stay awake long enough to hear the bells on Santa Claus' sleigh, so those in Middle and South America can't seem to stay awake long enough to see the Three Kings ride by, or to hear the soft padded tread of the camels' feet!

What kind of toys do these Three Kings

leave behind them? All over Latin America, from the markets of Mexico to the high mountains of Bolivia, there are the most delightful toys, all made by hand and with great imagination. Especially fascinating are those made by the Indians, who are excellent craftsmen and always have been. There is a fairyland of dolls, exquisite dolls' dishes in beautiful colors, and toy animals unlike any you have ever seen before. And there are marvelous masks, grotesque, frightening, or funny, which can be saved for carnival time or for some special holiday. There are whole villages of tiny figures that seem almost to move and go about their business of pleasure or work. On the veranda of a wee tile-roofed house sits a placid old gentleman tilted back in his chair, smoking a cigar and reading his newspaper, while his hat hangs on a peg over his head. Across the street a brightly dressed Indian woman sits among her baskets of luscious pineapples, mangoes, and oranges, everything

All over Latin America the Three Kings leave behind the most delightful toys all made by hand with great imagination. There are dolls, dishes, toy animals and whole villages of tiny figures

These little figures and scenes are made with patience and loving care. They are particularly appropriate for the Nativity Scene which many countries have at Christmastime



for sale. Behind a hedge a group of women are doing the family washing in a crystal stream that runs through the village. A band of musicians sit by the roadside to play for the village folk. In front of a store, a saddled horse is tied, and in the center of the road stands the village policeman. The road winds up a hill, to the twin-towered church whose tiny doors stand open to let you see the Christmas manger and the Holy Family within.

These little figures and scenes made with patience and loving care are particularly appropriate for the Nativity Scene which everyone has at Christmastime. The search for the *nacimiento* or *presepio*, as it is called, starts long before Christmas Day and a great deal of time and thought go into the preparation of the scene. Instead of buying glistening tree ornaments and tinsel, families add figures each year to their *nacimiento*. The scene is usually arranged on the floor of the best room in the house. In very wealthy homes, the whole room may be filled with almost life-sized figures of the Holy Family, the shepherds, and the Wise Men. Everyone keeps open house, and throngs of people, friends and strangers, go from house to house to see the various scenes and compare them. Often, light refreshments are served. Then, the day after the Three Kings have made their visits on January 6th, everything is carefully packed away until next year.

In some countries, there is an old custom that friends of the family shall steal the figure of the baby Jesus from the *nacimiento* and carry it off to their own home, later, of course, returning it. This idea of stealing the Christ Child was brought to South America from the Old World. In Northern Brazil an old Miracle Play is still enacted at Christmastime, which tells how a gypsy comes to worship the baby Jesus and to read his fortune. She tries to steal him but is stopped by a shepherdess. The gypsy promptly stabs the shepherdess who falls down dead. All the other players gather about her and sing and pray for her. Finally, a miracle is performed and the shepherdess comes back to life. It is, of course, the little Jesus who has performed the miracle, and the wonder of it makes the gypsy repent, and all rejoice. Sometimes, the play is given inside the house before the *nacimiento*, which is called a *lapinha* or *persepe* in Brazil, where Portuguese is spoken. Sometimes a stage may be arranged out of doors where anyone may stop to enjoy the performance. Then, a large crowd is sure to gather to watch in rapt

silence or burst into loud applause. Some of the plays have delightfully catchy music which is even more gay than the old "singing dances" of Spain.

In Brazil, too, there is a story that Christ was not born in Bethlehem at all but right in Brazil, in the lovely old city of Bahia. The gay little song which tells the story goes like this:

*They say Christ was born in Bethlehem,
But history can be wrong, you know,
For Christ was born in Bahia, dear,
And there Bahianos helped him grow.*

It is great fun to watch these old plays, but perhaps even more fun to take part in Christmas performances oneself. This you can do in Mexico or Central America if you join a *posada*. Here it is believed that the Holy Family traveled for nine days seeking shelter. The *posada* (the word means "Inn") is a procession which enacts this difficult journey of Mary and Joseph. Beginning on December 16th, the celebration lasts for nine nights. In Guatemala, the people march to the sound of steady beating on a turtle shell. Carrying figures of Mary and Joseph, they go from house to house and are refused entrance. Finally, they reach a house where they are admitted amidst



PHOTO BY KURT SEVERIN

Christmas procession in Chichicastenango, Guatemala, enters the church

great rejoicing and singing. Here, refreshments are served and everyone drinks the traditional drink made of *jocotes*, a plum-like fruit, ginger root, ground corn, and spices. Or perhaps there will be *buñuelos*, those delicious little cakes something like doughnuts with honey poured over them and served with decorations of red and pink geraniums.

In Mexico, the procession carries lighted candles and is led by a man, woman and child. The whole *posada* is carried out with songs, and some of these are very lovely indeed. When the procession has been granted entrance, there is a gay party in the *patio*, which has been decorated with colored lanterns. Again, there are good things to eat and delicious hot chocolate which has been beaten until it is all foamy.

Sometimes there are fireworks, and best of

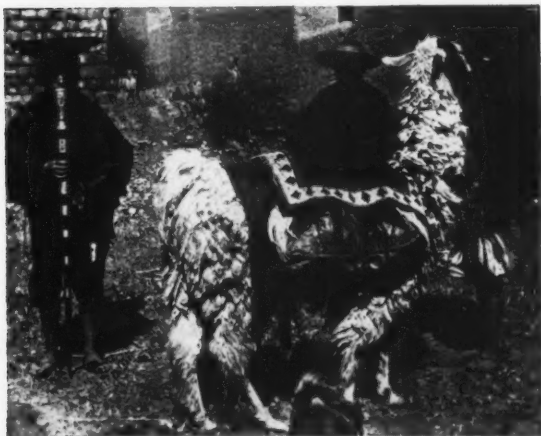


PHOTO BY KURT SEVERIN

Llama decorated by the Quechua Indians will carry one of the Three Kings in Christmas procession in Peru

all, a *piñata*! High above all heads is hung a grotesque-looking object made of bright paper—it may be a queer man, a fat turkey, an airplane, a clown, a swan, a dancing lady, or just a huge round ball all decorated with gold and silver and colored streamers. Inside is an enormous jar filled with fruit, nuts, pralines, and cactus candy. One at a time, the guests are blindfolded, turned around and around and given a big stick. Each must then try to hit the *piñata* with the stick. When everyone has had a chance, or perhaps before each one has tried, the *piñata* finally breaks and there is a scramble for the goodies that come showering down. All of this goes on to special music, too.

You will find few of the familiar Christmas

carols in Latin America. Instead, you will learn their beloved *villancicos* and *aguinaldos*, as they are called. Some of them are deeply religious with beautiful words and melodies. Many tell of the Three Kings and the baby Jesus. Some are happy tunes with catchy rhythms. A few remind us of those carols of long ago still done to the clicking of castanets in the Cathedral in Spain. Somehow they all seem to fit right into Christmas in the lands where the outdoor markets are filled to overflowing with deep pink and red roses, quantities of white lilies, strawberries and alligator pears, fresh figs and piles of ruby grapes, and big fat tamales filled with turkey and spices and corn, all rolled up in huge banana leaves, and kept hot on a bed of great *chojoj* leaves!

When at midnight the bells of Christmas peal forth and the stars twinkle in the soft summer night, all bow their heads and kneel. And if you were there in Latin America on Christmas Day, with all the songs, and scenes of Bethlehem, and games and plays, and lovely toys, and sweets, all the fireworks, and picnics, and gay processions, I don't believe you would miss Santa Claus very much, if at all.

Christmas in June

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these to us?" They found it hard to understand that American children, thousands of miles across the blue Pacific, had done so, voluntarily. They'd smile; perhaps there was a suspicion of a tear in their eyes, for it had been a long time since anyone had given them anything. It was just a few days ago that they had tasted bread—the older ones for the first time in more than three years—the younger ones for the first time in their brief lives. During the bombardment of Manila they had been forced to take shelter under the marble tables in the dining room while shell fragments hit and set fire to their dormitories on the upper floors.

As they exhibited their precious new belongings in the shade of a coconut palm or a banana tree, Mother Felicidade, who has been stationed in the Philippines ever since she left her home in Jamaica, New York, nineteen years ago, said:

"It is too bad that those nice children in America are not here to see the joy they have created—they certainly would feel well repaid. This is the first time that I have seen many of our girls here smile; for many of them, a new life has begun today."



We started along the road to Arles to meet the Kings



We Seek the Three Kings

Translated from the French of
FREDERIC MISTRAL

Illustrations by Frances Ferry

MY MOTHER said, "Tomorrow is the Feast of the Three Kings. If you want to see them arrive, hurry to meet them, my

little one, and take them an offering."

In the street I found the whole brood of village children, and together we set forth full of enthusiasm to meet the Kings who were coming to Maillane with their pages, their camels and all their suite to adore the infant Jesus.

"Where are you going, children?"

"We are going to meet the Kings!"

And so all together, tousled boys, little blonde girls in pinafores and sabots, we started along the road to Arles, hearts beating joyously, eyes full of visions. We carried, as we had been bidden, cookies for the Kings, dried figs for the pages and a wisp of hay for the camels. The mistral blew, which is to say, it was cold. The brooks were frozen, the grass along their edges was withered. The leafless branches of the willows glowed redly. Birds, lively and sociable, hopped from bough to bough. And there was no one to be seen in the fields save some poor widow reloading her apronful of dried wood upon her head, or some poor old soul hunting for snails under the stripped hedge.

"Where are you going so late, little ones?"

"We're going to meet the Kings." And heads up, proud as young cocks, laughing, singing, clattering or sliding, we hurried over the white road swept by the wind.

Then the day declined. The clock tower of Maillane disappeared behind the trees, behind the great cypresses with blade points; and the country stretched into the distance. As far as we could look, there was nothing to be seen except some bundles of thorn carried by the wind. . . .

Sometimes we met a shepherd wrapped in his cape, leading his sheep to the fold.

"Where are you going so late, my children?"

"We are going to meet the Kings. Can you tell us whether they are still far off?"

"Ah, yes—true—the Kings. They are coming back there. You will soon see them."

And we ran and ran to meet the Kings, with our cakes, our little sweets and our fists full of hay for the camels. The day faded. The sun, hidden by an enormous cloud, disappeared little by little. The wind freshened and the pace of even the bravest slackened. Then suddenly: "There they are!" A mad cry of joy burst from every throat as the royal pomp dazzled our eyes. A triumphant surging of color, splendid, sumptuous, flaming, filled the west. Great streamers of purple flared, and of gold and of ruby. A semi-crown darting a circle of long rays illuminated the horizon.

"The Kings, the Kings! See their crowns; see their mantles; see their banners, and the cavalry and the camels that are coming!" We stood rooted, but soon this glory melted away, extinguished little by little by the clouds. Abashed and open-mouthed, we found ourselves alone in the dark country.

"Where did the Kings go?"

"Behind the mountain."

An owl hooted. Fear seized us, and in the dusk we returned bewildered, nibbling the cookies and the figs which we had carried for the Kings.

When we reached home, "Well, there! Did you see them?" our mothers asked.

"No, they passed by on the other side of the mountain."

"But which road did you take?"

"The road to Arles."

"Oh, my poor lambs! The Kings do not come from that direction. They come from the East. You should have taken the old road to Rome! Ah, if you could have seen how beautiful it was as they entered Mail-lane! The tambourines, the trumpets, the pages, the camels. What a commotion! Now they are in the church where they have come to adore. After supper you will go to see them."

We ate quickly; then we ran to church, and in the church, already filled before our arrival, the vaulting vibrated with the chant: "This morning I met the train of the three great Kings who were going on a journey. This morning I met the train of the three great Kings on the great highway."

Startled, we slipped along by our mothers' skirts until we came to the Chapel of the Nativity, and there suspended over the altar we saw the beautiful star; we saw the Three Kings in red, yellow and blue mantles saluting the infant Jesus—King Gaspar with his box of gold, King Melchior with his censer and King Balthasar with his jar of myrrh. We admired the lovely pages carrying the trains of their mantles; then the humped camels carrying their heads above the ox and the ass; the Holy Virgin and Saint Joseph. Then round about on a little mountain of pressed paper, the shepherds and shepherdesses who brought their heart-shaped cakes, their baskets of eggs, their swaddling clothes. The miller laden with a sack of flour; the good wife with her spinning . . . in short all the little saints that figure in a crèche. But it was the Moorish King that we looked at most.

Our Friends in the Philippines

ELLIS CREDLE

THE Philippines that used to seem so far away have suddenly become quite close. Filipinos are now our near neighbors. Here are a number of good books about them:

"Jungle Boy" by Lysle Carveth (Longmans Green) is the story of Angkot, a little Igorot boy of the Luzon Mountains in the Philippines. He is brought down from his happy jungle by the Ogsa, a magic white deer, and set down in a town in the lowlands. If you stop to think, as you read this story, it will make you see some of the worst faults of our great world. While in the town Angkot suffers from these faults until his knowledge of the jungle is needed; then he becomes a leader.

A book by Phillis Ayer Sowers called "Swords and Sails in the Philippines" (Albert Whitman) is well worth reading; the colorful pictures by Margaret Ayers are true to life. Abdul, the little Moro boy in the story, has a pleasant life sailing his own little pinta about the bays and islands of Mindanao until the war comes. You will admire his bravery and intelligence when he joins the America-Philippine guerrillas and does his part toward freeing his land from the enemy.

A youth of the Cotabata tribe in Mindanao must prove his manhood by surviving in the jungle for twelve months. "Piang, The Moro Chieftain" by F. P. Stuart (Julian Messner) tells of the adventures of three youths who set out to do so. It is full of jungle lore and authentic information about the Cotabato Moros. Two more stories about Piang are "The Pledge of Piang," and "The Adventures of Piang," both published by Appleton.

"Lucio and His Nuong" by Lucy Herndon Crockett (Henry Holt) is a superb picture book about the island of Luzon. Other children's carabaos were gentle and worked willingly, but Lucio's was so wild and wicked that everybody took to their heels when he appeared. Lucio's trials with his bad-tempered beast make an amusing story.

"Pedro's Coconut Skates" by Esther Wood (Longmans) is a merry tale of how eight-year-old Pedro of Manila provided his grandmother with a Christmas surprise. If it's facts you want, "Ocean Outposts" by H. T. Follett (Scribners) has several well-illustrated chapters on the Philippines. "Mickey, the Horse that Volunteered," by Carl Glick (Whittlesey House), is a lively yarn about an overly ambitious horse in the Spanish-American War.

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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NO. 3

National Officers of the American Red Cross

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The American Junior Red Cross is the American Red Cross in the schools.

ABOVE THE STABLE

Nona Keen Duffy

Above the stable,
Angels sing,
Inside the manger
Lies a King!

Lies an infant,
Meek and lowly,
Lies a sovereign
High and holy!



BLOCKPRINT BY JANET BOWER

A Letter to You

Dear boys and girls who read the News:

Several years ago when I happened to be in Chicago just before Christmas, I went to see Hull House. I had heard for years about this famous settlement house which is the center of all kinds of activities for the people who live in the neighborhood. I went from room to room, and in every room something interesting was going on. In one room Greek-American women were weaving delicate wall panels; in another, young people of many different backgrounds were practicing a Christmas play; in a third, children were modelling and painting gifts to give to their families. But the sight I remember best was a group of tiny children around a piano learning to sing Christmas carols. Each one had a tiny gold paper crown on his or her head. There was one little colored child in the group, and of

course the gold crown shone brightest on his head. Ever since, we have thought that three children dressed as the Three Kings, with one of the children, in accordance with the old tradition, shown as the Negro King might make an appropriate Christmas cover for the News. That is why we asked Ann Eshner Jaffe to do such a cover this month.

We know from letters which we have received from News readers in the past that you like to hear something about the different contributors to each issue. So, here are a few more bits: The illustrator for "The Three Kings" is a Washington artist who has lived for long periods of time in France. Frederic Mistral, the author of the story, lived during the last century in France and his writings have made famous the southern part of his country known as Provence.

We do not usually give as much space to any article or story as we have done to "Christmas Without Santa Claus," but we have the idea that the information in that article will be so useful to teachers and children planning Christmas pageants and projects that it will be worth it. The author of the article has written a pageant about Latin America called "Under the Southern Stars." She has also published a book of Latin American songs in Spanish and Portuguese called "Canciones Tipicas." Silver, Burdett and Company are the publishers of both books. The illustrator of "Christmas Without Santa Claus," Leo Politi, has done many delightful drawings and covers for the News.

When we wrote Vera Bock to ask her if she would do a decoration for the Norwegian article about Yulenissen, she said she would if she could do it as a Christmas gift to the Junior Red Cross. The author of the article is the wife of a Norwegian diplomat in this country; she escaped on skis from Norway when her country was under Nazi occupation.

The author of "Hanka's Star-night" helped take care of French children in France after the first world war; we were glad to get Marya Werten to do the pictures for the story, since she is Polish.

We think it is especially nice that one of our writers in this issue, the young author of "No Handicap on Our Spirits," is still in school. We are always pleased when we can get really good articles, poems, and art work by boys and girls who read the News. We like especially to receive good letters from our readers. A really Merry Christmas to you all!

—The Editor.

CHRISTMAS CREATIONS

Right: Lacking true Christmas "fixings", these American Junior Red Cross members of Pickard School, Omaha, Nebraska, salvaged remnants of Easter decorations, and cleverly produced the ornaments on this fetching Christmas tree



COURTESY OF WORLD HERALD, OMAHA, NEB.



RED CROSS PHOTO BY ATKINS

Right: Christmas goes to the South Pacific: Junior Red Cross workers at James Wilson School, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, are shown packing ornaments which will convert palm trees into Christmas trees and brighten many a GI's heart



PHOTO BY PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER



Left: Christmas spirit in Port Chester, New York, schools inspired pupils to design holiday posters, menu covers and table decorations for our men still stationed overseas. Junior Red Cross members everywhere will continue their efforts to let the armies of occupation know they are not forgotten



ONE of the most wonderful things about the liberation of Norway is that Yulenissen will be back this Christmas to gladden the hearts of thousands of Norwegian children who have spent the last five Christmases under the black yoke of Nazi domination.

I remember so well the Christmas I spent under the swastika. We tried so hard to create a Christmas atmosphere and we failed miserably. Even the candles of the Christmas tree spluttered and refused to stay lit, and worst of all Yulenissen had nothing to give and so he stayed in his far northern retreat, safe from the Nazis.

Like Santa Claus, Yulenissen travels by reindeer and delivers presents to children by Christmas Eve, but he doesn't look a bit like his American cousin. Instead of being big and round, he's a tiny little dwarf with a wizened-up little face and he wears tight red stockings around his skinny legs, long, sharply pointed red leather shoes, gray knickers and waistcoat, and red stocking cap wound around his head. Yulenissen is a very special person to every Norwegian child, just as Santa Claus is for American children, and we take great pains to see that he is made comfortable after his long journey down from the Arctic. On the morning of Christmas Eve, we gather clean fresh straw and make a warm cozy bed for Yulenissen in his favorite spot, the loft of the stable. Just before dark, we set out a bowl of steaming hot porridge. All Norwegian children know that Yulenissen is a very particular little fellow and that if he doesn't find a warm bed and porridge waiting for him, he will not leave any gifts. And what is worse, not only will he never come back, but he will leave the Yulenissen curse on the home that treats him badly. The curse of Yulenissen is not to be taken lightly; it means that he will haunt the home he curses and that terrible things will happen to that home. The people will lose all their money and finally in desperation will pack their belongings onto a wagon and try to get away from the curse of Yulenissen. But it is no use trying to get away, for you can only go a little way, and then you will hear the shrill mocking laugh of Yulenissen and you will see him sitting on top of the wagon pointing his bony finger at you. But Yulenissen only does this to people who are

Yulenissen Returns

JULIE MARIE SOPP COLBJORNS

Decorations by V



stingy and mean, and we always feel it serves them right.

That's why Yulenissen did not come down while the Nazis were there, because he knew the Norwegians had no porridge to spare, and besides there weren't any toys. But he'll be back this year for sure. And with Yulenissen will return all the joys and delights of the old-time Norwegian Christmas.

Christmas really begins for us Norwegians away back in September, when the wonderful golden apples called the Gravenstener hang temptingly from the trees. On our way to school as we passed by the orchard, we could hardly keep our hands off the trees, but we knew that Gravenstener were for Christmas and they couldn't be eaten until then. Just at the right moment they were picked, before they became too ripe, and then were wrapped carefully in layers and layers of tissue paper. They were left in the cellar to ripen and by Christmastime they seemed to have inside them all the good things of our village of Toten, the freshness of spring, the bright sunlight of summer, the scarlet and gold of autumn, the pungent odor of the pine forests, the tartness of the snow-clad mountains.

In September, too, the chubbiest and pinkest pig on the farm was always put into a special pen where he was fed on the choicest grain and milk so that he would be tender and juicy for Christmas. He was slaughtered a week or so before Christmas and the meat cured in a very special way. Then on Christmas Eve a choice rib roast from this select pig would be put on the table surrounded by boiled



Turns to Norway

RNSEN *As told to Madeleine Cummins Bryan*

by Vera Bock



prunes, apples, and delicious little sausages and meat patties. Alongside of the roast was a steaming pot of sauerkraut, and in another dish our famous Norwegian potatoes which we called Ringerikspoteter. Following the main course, we ate grapes and fruit and nuts just like Americans do, only we had in addition our precious Gravenstener.

Besides the pork dinner Christmas Eve, we Norwegians have another very special dinner on Christmas Day. This dinner is a tradition with us, and in our family it is never varied. It was the same Christmas dinner my mother had enjoyed as a little girl and her mother before her and so back to the days of the Vikings. And this Christmas I hope my sister will again have the traditional family dinner at Toten. The menu seems so perfect to us that no one has ever suggested a change. First there is the clear soup with the specially prepared veal meat balls in it, and then the main course, a large lake trout caught from an ice hole in the near-by lake. The trout is surrounded by Ringerikspoteter and covered with butter and parsley. For dessert we used to have one of mother's delicious apple pies, smothered in whipped cream. This dinner held us until late in the afternoon when we received visitors and served coffee and the traditional Christmas cakes or "kaker."

I won't deny that we Norwegians thoroughly enjoyed our food at Christmastime, but food was only a part of the general celebration. At four o'clock Christmas Eve the stores were closed and from every church steeple the joyous bells rang. By four o'clock on December 24th,

it is quite dark in Norway, even in Oslo which is in the southern part of the country. From the windows of every home shone the warm glow of candlelight on the Christmas trees, an ancient sign of welcome in Norway to the poor and homeless on Christmas Eve. Down the brightly lit streets of Oslo and on lonely country roads, children dressed in their very best clothes hurried to the Christmas Eve service especially arranged for them.

We had our dinner after we returned from church and then waited in the hallway until Mother opened the living room doors. Then we saw for the first time our beautiful Christmas tree shining in the candlelight. Underneath lay mounds of presents neatly wrapped. Mother played carols at the piano, and we children, together with the servants, joined hands and slowly walked round the tree singing the familiar old carols beloved the world over. Our voices grew fainter and fainter and then Mother knew we were getting impatient and anxious to see our presents. So we gathered round the huge fireplace and Father distributed the gifts. There were toys for the little children, furs and dresses for the girls, suits for the boys, but for those of us who were old enough to read, the most welcome gift was a book. We were allowed to stay up very late Christmas Eve and were permitted to take our favorite gift to bed with us.

Christmas morning we awoke to find the room cozy and warm and to hear the fire crackling in the polished tile stove, and on a tray there was a pot of steaming hot coffee and a plate of fresh rolls with lots of butter and jam. It was a temptation to lie in the warm bed all morning, but outside we could hear the jingle of sleigh bells and Father's voice telling us to hurry. Then we all climbed into the big sled and off we went over the hard snow and enjoyed almost an hour's ride before we reached the church. In that same church in Toten where we listened to the familiar story of the birth of Christ for so many happy years, in churches all over Norway for five long years Norwegian men, women, and children have prayed that next Christmas would find their country liberated. This Christmas in the year of Our Lord, 1945, Norwegians will give thanks to God that Norsemen once again are free.




Ideas on the March


Elf dolls pictured below were made by Junior Red Cross members, at St. Mary's School, Cincinnati, Ohio, for use as Christmas tree decorations

★ ★ ★
"ON EARTH, PEACE, GOOD-
WILL TOWARD MEN." This Christ-
mas at last, for the first time in years,
these beautiful words will have meaning
again.

The Red Cross, begun because of the need for mercy in the midst of war, has been an undying force for international goodwill and peace ever since. This has been equally true of the Junior Red Cross.


Through the years, American Junior Red Cross members have become known in far parts of the world because of their wonderful gift boxes. During the war, because of lack of shipping space and other difficulties, it was not possible to send these boxes to European children, who needed so much the soap and washrags, toothbrushes and toys, the pencils and paper in the boxes. But most of the gift boxes this fall have been sent to children in the liberated lands.

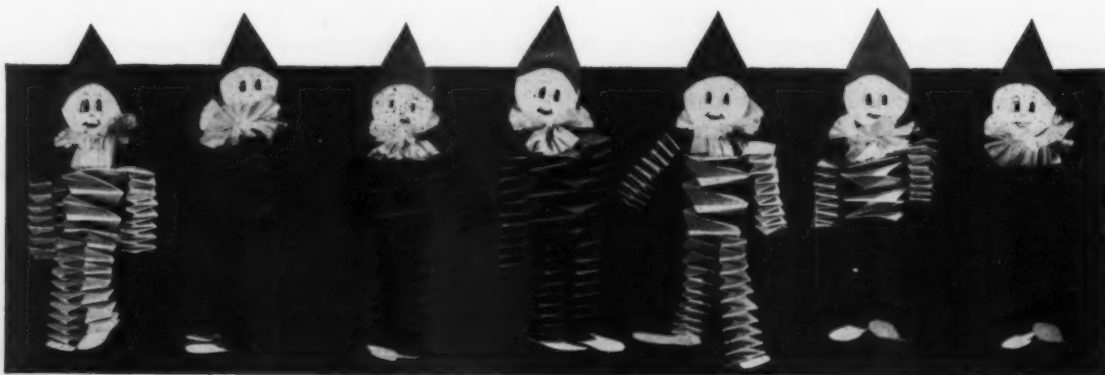
 LAST SPRING sixth graders in Kensington Elementary School, Kensington, Maryland, sent a Junior Red Cross school correspondence album to a school in Canada. In it they wrote: "The boys and girls in our room submitted a possible topic for a Christmas unit. Out of the possibilities we chose 'Christmas with Some of Our Allies.' We worked in five groups. Each group worked on a different country. All available material was collected for reading, music, and art appreciation. A miniature Christmas celebration scene was arranged by each group for a school exhibit."

 LAST YEAR at this time our hearts were with the men in the armed forces stationed all over the globe fighting a deadly war. This year, though

the war is finally over, men in the U. S. armies of occupation and at all outposts will know that the Red Cross and Junior Red Cross have not forgotten them, when

they open the Christmas unit boxes prepared partly by senior, partly by junior members. The Junior Red Cross boxes containing decorations were such a success that more were demanded this year than last; some 900 units were completed. But if you took part in making a unit last spring or last summer, you know how many hundreds of gay and sparkling creations went into just one box. At National Headquarters some of the Christmas card designs, centerpieces, and favors were displayed in an exhibition and a few of the most original of the Christmas tree decorations were hung on a real tree. An artist who happened to see the exhibition was particularly taken with one bright collapsible ornament; he said, "Ten or fifteen years from now, I'd like to meet the boy or girl who thought up that one, because I know he or she will become one of our most gifted designers." Some of the birds on the tree, made by Baltimore, Maryland, members, of metallic paper and ostrich plumes were quite out of this world.

 LAST CHRISTMAS in the Red Cross Club in Kunming, China, the workers in charge were very worried as Christmas approached because the decorations and gifts promised for the Christmas party failed to appear. Mrs. Alma Kerr, who was assistant club director there, tells the story: "Christmas Eve came, and still no trimmings, though trees had arrived from the mountains. It looked as if our whole party was going to be a failure. On top of that, mail was very slow in coming, and the boys had received none of their Christmas packages from home. But for the Red Cross, as with Mr. McCawber, 'something always turns up.' This time it came like a gift from heaven:



boxes filled with Christmas decorations from the Junior Red Cross! These boxes certainly scored direct hits. Many of the men who came to our Christmas party had boys and girls of their own at home. As each man hung a paper angel on the tree, he realized his own young son or daughter might have made it. In this way the decorations brought his loved ones very close."

Last year some of the Red Cross Christmas supply kits, which included Junior Red Cross Christmas Units, were dropped by parachute over thick jungles and Arctic tundras. Fruit cakes, puddings and cookies were flown from Red Cross bakeries in India over "the Hump" to the hinterlands of China. Dog sleds heaped with woolen garments, Christmas trees and trimmings brought cheer to outposts on the Aleutians.



WHEREVER OUR men in service are, at Christmas or any other time, they immediately make friends with the children. At Christmastime last year the Red Cross parties for GIs and children were particularly gala. In Egypt a Red Cross recreation worker, together with the Army Special Service officer, planned a party for 600 Yugoslav children from a neighboring refugee camp; 720 children came! But there was ice cream for everybody, and two gifts apiece for each child. The Army report of this party says: "The Yugoslav children brought their colorful folk costumes, and in successive groups they sang the songs of their people and performed their dances. GIs made a circle in the huge room and held perched on their shoulders little children too young to take part." A returning Red Cross hospital recreation worker from the Persian Gulf Command reported a similar party given by American soldiers for Polish refugee children. She says the costumes and dances were beautiful.



OVER in the Philippines shortly following the liberation, our soldiers gave a party for American children

there. Ethel Parker, Red Cross correspondent, writes: "Of the thirty-six guests, fourteen had never known anything but the internment camp; they had been born there. Most of them had either forgotten or had never known how to laugh. Parties were something they had only heard of from their mothers.

"In their spare time, the GIs fashioned model airplanes, ships and all kinds of toys. Each man acted as 'father' to one child at the party, and tried to see that his 'kid' had the best toy.

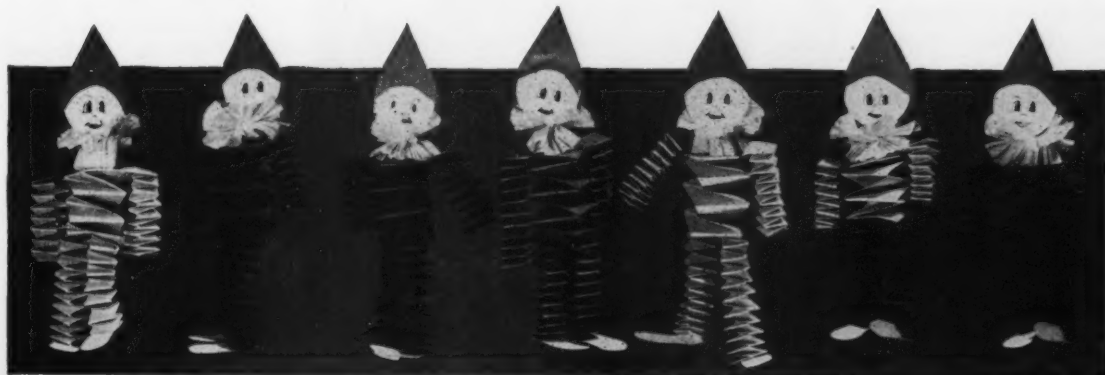
"The children, and the soldiers, too, ate and drank everything in sight. Then, their hostess announced the arrival of the ice cream. That started a shout that nearly deafened everyone in the room. One little boy shyly said: 'I've never tasted ice cream!' This was the first time he and thirteen other youngsters had ever even seen it.

"When the children were so full they couldn't eat any more, the soldiers organized games. One man started off by holding a laughing contest to show the children they could now laugh all they wanted to. Then he gave a one-man show with an accordion, sang some funny songs and made some even funnier faces. Not all the children knew his songs, but there was one they all knew, and the party wound up with everyone, kids and soldiers alike, singing it at the top of their voices. It was 'God Bless America.'"



DORA JANE HAMBLIN, another Red Cross staff correspondent in the Philippines, reports that a Red Cross hospital worker out there "heard a group of school children singing one day and invited them to the hospital to perform for the patients. Word went out on the bamboo network, and she was swamped by requests for permission to entertain the GI patients with Filipino songs. 'It's been a lifesaver for us' says she, 'and the boys love it!'"

In Miles City, Montana, Junior Red Cross members sang carols for old people in the County Home.



No Handicap on Our Spirits

MARY ANN BAUMLER

FEW people have ever stopped to realize all of the activities in which physically handicapped children can participate and which they can accomplish successfully. The work of the pupils in the Day School for Crippled Children, located in Buffalo, New York, is an excellent example of the many things that can be made by a handicapped child.

The children in this school have taken part in bond drives and many other community and national projects. The principal project they have worked on throughout the years is the work of the Junior Red Cross. All of the one hundred and thirty-seven pupils in the school are members. This includes pupils from the first grade through senior high school. In this school we have more opportunities to serve others than we would have in a regular school.

Occupational therapy is one of the important activities practiced by the nurses, teachers and others responsible for the guidance in our school, and they have managed to combine this activity very cleverly with our service to others.

The boys and girls who attend this school have many afflictions and handicaps to overcome. Some need special attention to strengthen the muscles in their hands and legs, while others with cerebral palsy have to strive to become more steady. Certain occupations are planned for each child and these are developed in such a way that, while the child is helping himself, he is also helping others. Cerebral palsy patients learn to push wheel chairs, and weave on different kinds of looms, to steady their nerves. Children who find it too difficult to knit have discovered that, by working on the kiddie or comb weaver as it is called, they can produce articles

that looked exactly as though they had been done with knitting needles. Some even make their own looms to work on, while others who are more capable weave on a big standing loom. They have woven many rugs for gifts and have also made book bags for children who receive bedside teaching in the hospital. The favorite occupation of the nervous children is knitting. Practically every boy and girl has knitted squares for the afghans sent to the Junior Red Cross center in Buffalo and, at the same time that they were calming their own nerves, they have been making something to keep a wounded veteran warm.

Some of our school bus drivers, nurses, doctors and teachers entered the armed forces. We enjoyed doing different things for these people who were our dear friends for many years. Many letters, gifts and Christmas boxes have been devised by the pupils and sent out to these faraway friends.



HARE PHOTOS



Junior Red Cross activities and occupational therapy make a happy combination at the Day School for Crippled Children in Buffalo, New York. Mary Ann Baumler, author of this article, is on left side of table in top picture. Girl at left is weaving to improve muscular coordination

Right: Window decoration made for chapel at Batavia Veteran's Hospital. Below: Boys at work on preliminary drawings. Finished effect is like a stained glass window



Plans have been made for us to supply the wounded men in the military hospital at Fort Niagara with cookies for weekly parties.

When our own classmates have the misfortune of leaving school and going to the hospital for an operation, we send baskets of fruit, write them cheerful and newsy letters about the happenings in school, and make gifts that they will enjoy while they are recuperating.

The sixth grade made an entertainment kit and sent it to a near-by nursery school. Our children enjoyed working on this kit very much, especially when they knew it was to go some place where it would be of some pleasure to smaller children. Some of the playthings that were in the kit were movable animals, made by cutting the animals in separate pieces and putting them together with paper clips. Crayons, colored paper, pencils, scissors and many other entertaining articles were also included.

The children in the first and second grades also want to take part in serving others. They especially enjoy doing things for children of their own age. They have made jointed teddy bears for the little patients in hospital beds and are now working on a surprise vegetable and animal book. Last year for Christmas, we sent four hundred tray favors

such as cookie trains, Santa Clauses, and Christmas ornaments to the hospitalized children. Post cards were designed, printed and colored for soldiers to send friends.

For this year's Christmas decoration unit, our school furnished one thousand three hundred and thirty articles which went to soldiers overseas. A few of the items in the unit were standing painted Santa Clauses, post cards and a wooden Christmas tree.

A few of the items we have knitted and turned into Red Cross Headquarters for distribution are: sixteen wheel chair bags, eighteen pairs of bed slippers, eight scarfs, twelve sweaters, six helmets and eight hoods which were sent for our soldiers' use in cold countries. In addition to these articles, we have also sent in to headquarters, fifty bedpan covers, washcloths for soldiers, a patch quilt and booties for a baby.

The main project now being worked on is the making of stained glass windows for the Veteran's Hospital at Batavia. The pictures are being drawn on architect's tracing paper and colored with crayons. One of the windows has a picture of the Madonna holding the Christ Child. The boys and girls are enjoying the work very much because it is entirely different from what they have done. When the pictures are completed they will be put on the windows, and the effect will be just like stained glass windows.

These are just a few of the projects the crippled children of Buffalo have carried on for the American Junior Red Cross. By being allowed to give aid to people through the Junior Red Cross, we are improving our own health because we keep so busy and happy.



A Carol for Felipa

Antonio C. Abear

Pictures by Lilian Neuner



THE December day was not as hot as usual in the Philippines. In the sky were thick, dark clouds; and there was a slight drizzle, beating on the green fields with muffled spatter.

In an open field, José and Felipa were watching their pet goats. When the thick clouds began to gather in the sky, the goats had bleated in a cross tone. They knew rain was coming. But the drizzle had started before José and Felipa thought of taking them home.

Kabang and Ugis were their only goats now. Two weeks ago they had seven. But their father had sold five to two men who said they wanted goats for Christmas. But the sale of the five goats brought hardly enough money for Christmas clothes for José and Felipa.

The drizzle grew into a downpour. The rain soaked Felipa's clothes. José was wearing a shirt made out of abaca fibers which let the water through to his skin.

A little way ahead the children saw an empty hut. Tightening their hold on their goats, they raced for it. There, they tied Kabang and Ugis to a post, and Felipa shook off the water. The drops flew in all directions and, as they settled on the ground, they formed tiny balls of dust. José slipped off his shirt and rubbed the upper part of his body dry with his hands.

The wind howled outside and the rain beat on the roof of cogon grass. José stuck his head out the door and looked up.

"The rain won't stop in an hour," he said. "I wish we had taken Kabang and Ugis home when they first bleated." He slipped on his shirt again.

"José," Felipa said, "I went to Aunt Tilde this morning, and she taught me a good song, a Christmas song. Aunt Tilde said if one sang it under somebody's window during Christmas, he would be sure to get a present, coins especially."

"Good!" José said. "Teach me the song. We'll go around this Christmas and try it. We need money badly. Father has sold our goats and we don't have anything for our Christmas dinner. I couldn't bear to have either Ugis or Kabang killed."

Felipa sang the song. It was an old Philippine Christmas carol, and a fine Christmas song it was. The sound of the rain seemed to chime in with the melody of the song. Felipa sang the song with all her heart. "Splendid!" said José, when she had finished. "Now teach it to me, Felipa."

José was singing the carol all by himself when his father and some of his neighbors burst into the hut. When their father recognized the children, he broke into a smile.

"José! Felipa! I've been looking for you for hours. I thought the old witch of Lantoy Cave had kidnapped you both. Now, where are Ugis and Kabang?" He gathered his children in his arms.

José pointed to where Ugis and

Kabang were lying on their sides, peacefully chewing their cud.

The rain had ended, and the sun had gone down behind the mountains when they all reached home. It was a humble *nipa* palm hut almost covered by a pretty vine with tiny heart-shaped flowers.

The children changed to dry clothes and Felipa cuddled near the fire. After a while she began to sneeze and she felt hot around her neck.

José was quite well, but he was strong and quite big for his age—nine years. He could have been a whole day in the rain without getting sick.

At suppertime Felipa was really sick and did not want anything to eat.

"Aren't you feeling well, Felipa?" her father asked.

"Oh, I'll be all right pretty soon," Felipa said.

But that night Felipa grew worse. Whenever her father touched her forehead, he found it burning hot. She tossed about on the bamboo bed and talked in her sleep.

Her father wanted to call a doctor, but had no money to pay one.

"José, run to your Uncle Juan and borrow a couple of pesos," he said at last. "Tell him I'm in great need of them. I'll call Dr. Rellin as soon as you get home."

But José came back empty-handed.

His father was desperate. If only he had not spent the money from the sale of his goats for Christmas clothes for José and Felipa, he would have had nothing to worry him.

José felt as worried as his father. Felipa was his only sister, and to him she was the sweetest sister in the world. What should he do? What . . . ? Suddenly a thought took hold of his brain. He smiled faintly.

Silently he slipped out of the house.

If his father noticed, he did not care to stop him.

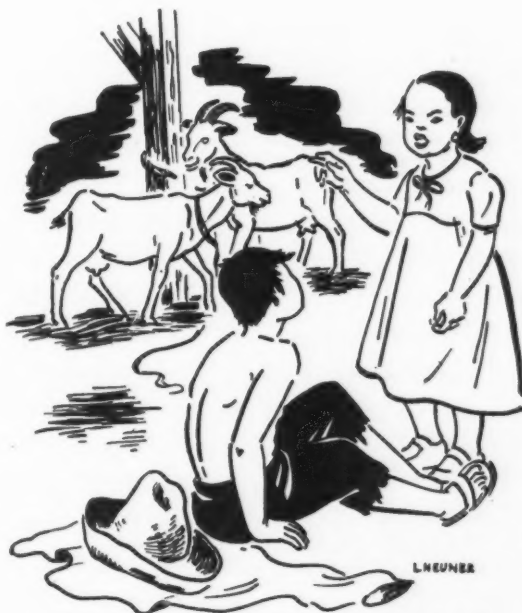
How long José was gone his father did not know. He only knew the boy was back when he felt a little tug at his sleeve. He turned and could hardly believe what he saw. In José's cupped hands were coins, several of them.

"Where did you get them, José?" he said angrily, thinking that may-

be José had stolen the money.

"With a song Felipa taught me. This evening, I sang it before our neighbors' houses, and they were kind enough to give me money. Is this enough for the doctor's bill, Father?"

His father's eyes were misty with tears. He hugged his son tenderly. "Yes; now Felipa can get well again!" he cried.



Felipa sang the song with all her heart



Hanka's Star-Night

DOWN, BUREK, DOWN!" Hanka held her doll high above her head.

The big shepherd dog put both paws on Hanka's shoulders. He laughed out of the side of his mouth. Easily, he could knock down the little girl and snatch away her doll for play. He, too, was tired of staying indoors all this stormy winter day.

"You shan't have my Marta doll because she doesn't like being shaken in

Eloise Lownsbery

Pictures by Marya Werten

your mouth. Down, now, and be a Polish nobleman, as Father says."

Mother smiled as she kneaded her good rye dough. "Isn't it time, Mr. Teaser," she asked, "for you to meet your master Jash, coming along from school?"

At the double window, Hanka watched Burek bound off until he was swallowed up in the swirling wind that blew snow down from the high Tatra peaks.

Even on stormy days, Hanka was not lonely this winter. For in her arms she held her doll Marta. Her first doll, her only doll. Ever since last spring, everywhere that Hanka went, there went Marta. To the church down in the valley below. To the big wedding-eve dance to learn the polka. Even high up the mountain where Jash minded the flocks. Spring, summer, autumn, from seedtime to harvest, Marta had shared all the fun because she belonged to Hanka as Hanka belonged to her mother.

"And now it is winter, and just you wait. The best night of all the year is coming soon," Hanka told Marta. "There is soon coming the Star-night, the night before Christmas. You wait and see!"



After supper, Hanka watched for another star

The next morning, to Hanka's delight, Father said it would be a clear day. The high wind flew back to the mountain peaks. Out came the sun. No cloud hid its face. It glistened down on the world of white snow so that the crystals shone like jewels.

Then the doors of all the steep-roofed mountain houses pushed open. Out came the children and the young people. They shouted for Hanka, for her brother Jash, for her big sister Marysia. Hanka saw the older boys go skiing down the steep slopes. With cheeks like red apples, Jash whooped as he skimmed. She saw that the older girls liked to ride in pretty painted and carved sleighs. They laughed as the wind whipped the snow into their faces from the hoofs of the swift little mountain horses.

Hanka saw the small boys on sleds go flying down the little hills, often tumbling off in a whirl of powdery snow. Hanka laughed and laughed. She and Burek and Marta watched all the fun. Hanka explained it all to her doll, the skiing, the sleighing, the sleds.

Burek ran about sniffing his nose into the drifts and tossing the light snow into the air. Then he rushed back to Hanka, playfully reaching up to pull at Marta's yellow head. But Hanka held her doll safely out of his reach.

Piotr, a neighbor boy, shouted, "Here, Hanka, come ride down the hill with me."

Quickly, Hanka ran over to get on Piotr's sled, but first she tucked Marta under her own sheepskin coat and shawl. It was Marta's first ride! Burek raced alongside. Oh! It took Hanka's breath away to fly so fast down the slope. Suddenly her long shawl caught in the runners. The sled swirled to one side. Over they went in a bundle of children, shawls and dogs. Everyone shouted with laughter. Hai-ji, what a spill! Hanka was eating snow. She struggled to free her arms, fast bound in the shawl.

Then Burek pushed her over into a deep drift. So she lay back and "made an angel" in the snow. Flat on his back, with his arms Piotr made wings, too.

"Now the Christmas angel will easily find the way to our houses," Hanka said.

"And if it snows again, the star will show the way," Piotr said. "Come on,



The boys came carrying the yellow star-lamp, their fiddles and the "szopka"

let's climb up for one more slide."

"Let's! I'll help pull up the sled!"

Whizz, they flew down the hill, this time to a safe landing. Down and up, up and down, until the setting sun turned the snow to shell pink. Until the wind blew sharp and cold. Until big sister Marysia came to take Hanka home.

"Oh, we had such fun!" Hanka told her. "Burek knocked me down, so I made an angel. And he tried to take Marta—and——"

She stopped, a cold terror at her heart. She opened her wet shawl and shook it. Marta! Where was she? Hanka ran about searching, clawing at the drifts. All the boys, all the children crowded about her. They searched, too, up the hill and down. But no Marta. At the sight of Hanka's tears, Burek hung his tail between his legs and slunk home.

Hanka could hardly bear it. All the next day, she stood at the double window.

Her sister said, "It's no use wearing out your eyes, child. Jash has gone out to hunt. Maybe he will find your dolly."

When Jash came in, stamping off the snow, Hanka ran to meet him.

"No Marta could we find, Hanka," he said. "With our sharp axesticks we poked into the drifts. Burek helped us search, too."

Burek! Hanka threw herself down beside him and buried her face against his thick fur coat.

How would it be now to live through Christmas and Star-night without Marta?

But Mother kept Hanka so busy at helping that before she knew it, the day before Christmas had arrived. Jash came stamping in from the snowy world dragging a tree. A beautiful little red

fir with perfect branches that just fitted atop the kitchen table.

Everybody helped to decorate the tree. Hanka had made paper chains, yellow, red, blue. Marysia hung red apples on the tree, and her pretty cutouts of paper lace. Mother made a figure of Saint Nicholas out of gingerbread, so fragrant it made Hanka's mouth water.

"But on this fasting day, we must not eat till the first star," Mother said; and Father, and Grandmother and big sister, and brother Jash agreed. "No, not till the first star," Hanka nodded. So she ran to the window to watch. Too soon. The peaks were still shining in the sun.

Now Mother was covering the table with a clean cloth as white as a cloud. Under the table she spread the hay that Jash brought in from the barnloft, fragrant and clean.

"Because you know that *Pan Jezus* was born this night in a manger filled with hay," Mother said. Hanka nodded. If only she could tell Marta.

Then Grandfather arrived with every pocket bulging. Hanka danced about him, feeling them. Burek barked and sniffed at them, too. He put his two front paws up on Grandfather's shoulders. He did like him, this fine old man from over the mountain, his bagpipe slung over his shoulder.

"What, no star yet?" cried Jash, rubbing his empty stomach.

So Hanka ran back to press her nose against the double window as she stared out into the world. "Oh, now I see it, at last," Hanka shouted. "Mother, the first star shines clear." Holy, wondrous sight, the first star on Star-night, shining from out the blue sky down onto the blue and white world below.

"So! Come to supper, then," Mother called from among the steaming fragrance on the stove. "Come one, come all. Jash, you may light the candles."

Mother began serving the good hot soup, the *barszch* — full of beets and noodles and dried mushrooms. Soon the table groaned with the twelve dishes, one for each of the twelve Apostles—made of fish and mushrooms, of potatoes and cabbage, and broad noodles with poppy seeds. There were even honey cakes, raisins and nuts.

After supper—and how much they all ate—Hanka watched at the window again for another star. This time, a moving star, not in the sky. As yellow as a little sun, it came closer and closer. It was carried, she knew, by the neighbor boys, Jash and Piotr among them. Outside the house, the boys sang a carol:

"Amid the silence of the solemn night—"

Now Father flung wide the door and in they came up the path of yellow lamp-light. They carried the yellow star-lamp, their fiddles, and best of all the *szopka*, the Christmas puppet show.

"Jesus Christ is born," shouted the boys.

Everyone from within answered "May His holy name be praised."

Hanka watched the boys set up the puppets. Jash had helped to carve them, the tiny wooden figures. She knew the Holy Family, the shepherds, the Three Kings. On the porch of the small wooden church in which they were carried, the boys helped them act out the story of Christmas.

"If only Marta could see it," Hanka whispered to herself. "If only Marta could hear them singing the carols!"

When the first act was ended, as soon as ever the small devil had cut off wicked King Herod's head, the boys said they must go on to give the second act at another house. So Mother passed around honey cakes. In the silence of munching, there came a scratching at the door.

"Burek wants to come in," said Hanka. "He wants to see the puppets, too."

Jash opened the door, and Burek bounded past him, straight to Hanka. In his mouth he carried an object, limp, dangling, wet, cold. He laid it at Hanka's feet. It was Marta! Hanka caught the doll to her. Marta come home again!

Everybody crowded close to see.

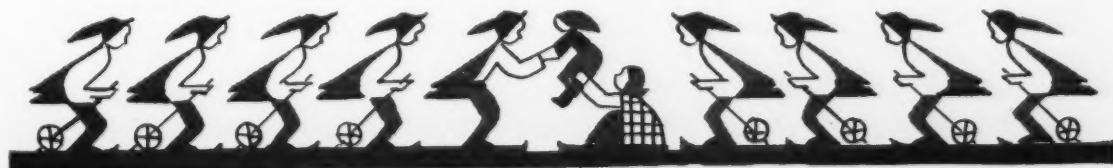
"Wherever did you find her, Burek?" Jash demanded. "Did you bury her like a bone, and dig her up again?"

"Oh, no," said Hanka. "It must be the Christmas angel who asked Burek to bring her back to me. So he waited for Star-night, for Christmas-Eve!"

So Hanka showed to Marta the little figures of the puppet-show, the blessed *szopka*. "And I'll tell you the whole Christmas story," she promised. Then she ran to the table and held her doll high so that she might see for herself the shining tree, the apples, the Saint, and best of all—perched on the very top—the Christmas angel. "Because she brought you home to me!"

A big warm body pressed against the little girl.

"Burek! good old dog. Tomorrow, you shall have half of my Christmas dinner."



D'où Viens-tu, Bergère?

With feeling—Avec expression

Canada's Oldest Christmas Song

Voices

Piano

♩ = 70

Whence, O shepherd maid-en Whence come
Fine. D'où viens - tu, ber - gère, D'où viens

you? Whence, O shep-herd maiden Whence come you? I come from the
tu? D'où viens tu, ber - gère, D'où viens tu? Je viens de l'e

man - ger, Walk-ing on my way Noth-ing ev-er stran-ger Seen with-in my day'
ta - ble De m'y pro-me-ner J'ai vu un mi-ra - cle Ce soir ar - ri - vé!

English

What saw you there, maiden?
 What saw you?
 'I saw lying cradled
 There a tiny child,
 In the new straw huddled
 Softly it was piled.'

Was he fair then, maiden?
 Was he fair?
 'Fairer than the moon is,
 Fairer than the sun,
 Never in the world was
 Fairer child shone on.'

French

*Qu'as-tu vu, bergère,
 Qu'as-tu vu?
 J'ai vu dans la crèche
 Un petit enfant
 Sur la paille fraîche
 Mis bien tendrement.*

*Est-il beau, bergère,
 Est-il beau?
 Plus beau que la lune,
 Aussi le soleil;
 Jamais dans le monde
 On vit son pareil.*

English

Nothing more then, maiden?
 Nothing more?
 'Ox and ass were there too,
 Close up to the stall,
 Breathing their warm air to
 Little babe and all.'

Nothing more, then maiden?
 Nothing more?
 'Three young cherubs lately
 Come from heaven above,
 Singing praise sedately
 Of eternal love.'

French

*Rien de plus, bergère,
 Rien de plus?
 Y a la boeuf et l'âne
 Qui sont par devant,
 Avec leur haleine
 Réchauffent l'enfant.*

*Rien de plus, bergère,
 Rien de plus?
 Y a trois petits anges
 Descendus du ciel
 Chantant les louanges
 Du Père éternel.*

THIS SONG IS CANADA'S OLDEST CHRISTMAS SONG. THE MELODY IS TAKEN FROM E. GAGNON'S "CHANSONS POPULAIRES DU CANADA." HARMONY IS BY GEOFFREY O'HARA AND THE ENGLISH VERSION BY J. M. GIBBON FROM "CANADIAN FOLK SONGS OLD AND NEW." BY PERMISSION OF J. M. DENT & SONS LTD.
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